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The Trial of Sherlock Holmes

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Chapter 1 by Lima bean7

"The Trial of the century has finally dawned on us, at noon today, Consulting Detective Sherlock Holmes will be escorted to the Old Bailey Courthouse to be tried for his crime of-"

John Watson stabbed the Off button on his TV remote viciously.

Stupid press, stupid tabloids, stupid Sherlock...

Why did this have to happen to them of all people? They were just trying to live as normally as possible when you hunted savage criminals every other day. But why must an evil genius have it out for them from the beginning?

Johnn supposed that it had all been planned from the beginning. Framing Sherlock had always been Jim Moriarty's plan so that Sherlock's reputation would be shattered and the public would hate him. But why did this have to happen!...

John swiped at the tears pooling in his eyes, and his hand subconsciously reached towards the small black box that he kent in his pocket at all times.

I've finished over sherlock fanfiction
already.

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Better get ready for his day in court. Baker street felt empty without Sherlock's sarcasm and wit, and John slowly trudged up the steps to his room. Dread was starting to pool in his stomach as he realized he would have to face his friend in less than an hour.

How could he ever look into those piercing blue eyes again?

Chapter 2 by Sadie Johnson-Ouillette



Half an hour later, John trudged down the stairs, bitterly cursing with each step. He was in a rotten mood: his suit was too large after doing the over-rated weight plan Mrs. Hudson had bamboozled him into; he had forgotten to eat breakfast due to all the racket Sherlock had caused; plus, he was hungover.

Stretching as he prepared himself for the eager crowd waiting on the other side of the door, he noticed a slight discomfort in breast pocket. Groaning, Watson patted his coat, finding a small slip of paper. His breath caught in his throat.

Holmes.

Nearly doubling over, John was victim to a sudden wash of emotion and sensation. Butterflies and hurt and longing and protectiveness and aches and wanting and worry and blue eyes and...

Sherlock.

Ashamed of himself, John rose to his normal posture, unaware of the tears that now marked his face. Sniffling, he massaged the paper, wearing it down with his fingers until it had become a memory, just like the feelings he had wanted to show for his best--

Who was Sherlock now?

Friend, colleague, roommate, violinist, or...

No.

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Sherlock would never write this

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Well... maybe

"Jesus, no John. NO. Don't. Just don't." He growled aloud, angry at what had crossed over his mind.

Then, without another thought, John picked up his head, plastered on a mutual expression, and marched out the door.

Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



The ride to the courthouse was difficult, to say the least. The traffic piled up and John was just about ready to jump out the cab and walk by the time they finally reached the large stone building. Sherlock was somewhere inside.

His Sherlock.

Accused of murder. John tried to imagine the Sherlock he knew killing someone. The Sherlock that pulled him out of a burning, the Sherlock that risked his life for John.

Watson tried to imagine the Sherlock he knew, wasting away in a jail cell, the twinkle John could always see in his eyes, gone.

A lump formed in John's throat.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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